2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
NO6 Comanche NO6



into the trunk of a tree, and withdrawing it, place the end of the bark epistle in the incision, the outer end pointing in the direction they have taken. It will be seen they measure time by the changes of the moon. In the new, they give themselves up to devotional contemplation and worship, rendering thanks unto the Great Spirit that although the old one has gone, another has been permitted to take its place. Every change is attended with some peculiar ceremony; but when it is in the full, occurs the festival of the roasted dog. With the exception of the refreshments, it differs but very slightly from a modern picnic. The squaws go out to a spring in some pleasant and shady spot, taking with them a number of curs, which have been fattened for the occasion, and kindling a fire, butcher and roast them. By this time the warriors approach, when, seating themselves promiscuously on the grass, they speedily strip the canine bones admidst much fun and laughter. On these occasions, while I was with them, Sahonkeno, the Fox—a lively and mischievous rascal—was always the life of the party.

Not long after my arrival in the valley of Mannasaw, took place the first exhibition I had witnessed of the green corn dance. This occurs in the latter part of July, or the hot moon. The day previous to the festival, a general meeting of the whole tribe was held in the square of the village. In the center stood the prophet, *Karolo*, signifying, as near as I was ever able to comprehend, a star, or planet; immediately around him, in a circle, were gathered the chiefs and principal men, seated on the ground; behind these were the warriors, and in the rear the women and children.

Karolo, the prophet, addressed them long and earnestly, and made many gestures. Though I could not understand his language, I knew from his manner and the intonations

of his voice that the sentiments to which he gave expression came from the inmost depth of his heart. So near as I was able to comprehend, he was commenting on the wonderful goodness of the Great Spirit who gave them green corn in its season, and exhorting them to thankfulness for the same.

The next day, outside the village, numerous fires were kindled at short distances from each other round a large circle, which included between one and two acres. Each family had its separate fire, and by each fire was a quantity of green corn, piled on a buffalo skin. When the squaws had roasted it, the prophet, the civil and war chiefs, and a few others took a position in the center of the circle, while the tribe, numbering some six hundred, ranged themselves outside the fires, and the dance began. Round and round they went, singing their green corn song, which sounded in my ears like the perpetual repetition of "*ahow, aho, aho ahow,*" keeping time to rude specimens of music hammered out of a dry skin drawn over a hoop, and extracted from a quick and violent collision of buffalo bones—a performance similar to that common among Negro minstrels. Finally, they huddled together on the south side of the circle, and sat down. Karolo addressed them briefly, and was followed in a few remarks by the chiefs. The prophet then walked around the circle, raising his hands above the separate piles of roasted corn as he passed them, talking all the while, as if invoking a blessing, and having made the circuit, the tribe gathered in distinct squads about the several fires and commenced eating. When the roasted ears were shelled to the last kernel, the festival of the green corn dance was over, and they went back, singing, to the town.

It is a custom among them to paint their faces daily. I was compelled, every morning, while with them, to pursue this practice—to anoint my features with a preparation